

EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

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STORIES FOR YOUNG READERS



LAURA A. LARGE



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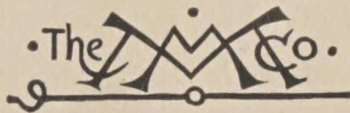
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EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

OLD STORIES FOR YOUNG READERS



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TORONTO



"OH, DO WORK FAST, MR. MOUSE."

✓
EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

OLD STORIES
FOR YOUNG READERS

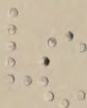
BY

LAURA A. LARGE

AUTHOR OF "A VISIT TO THE FARM"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

RACHEL DIXON AND MARJORIE HARTWELL ✓



New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

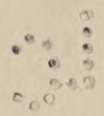
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DEAR CHILDREN :

You will like to read these old stories. Some of them you have read in other books. They will seem like old friends when you read them here. Look on the page of titles and see what old friend stories are here.

Many of these stories you can play. I wonder if any of you can plan how to play them without the teacher's help? You have to think who are in the play, what things they need, and what they must do. Such fun as this will be!

Can you pretend that you are a drowning ant? Can you call, "Help!

Help!" so that some one will hear you and save you? Can you start a real race by saying, "One, two, three. Go!" Can you show how Whitey smacked his lips when he thought of eating? And how the wind blew the flour away, "Whew! Whew!" If you can, we shall like to hear you read.

Grown-ups think about what they read. So do some children. Here are some questions about these stories. Perhaps you can answer them when you have read the stories. If you answer them well, we shall know that you can think about what you read. Maybe you can think of questions to ask the other children.

What did the bluejay do which was foolish ?

Was the fox who lost his tail foolish or wise ?

Were the other foxes foolish or wise ?

Did the pot do right when it took the things ?

What was the first mistake which the bad little girl made ?

Which is better, to be honest or to have gold and silver ?

Hoping you will enjoy every story in the book,

Your grown-up friend,

THE EDITOR.

THE author is indebted to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York and London for permission to rewrite the stories of *The Johnny Cake*, *The Kid Who Would Not Go*, *The Wonderful Pot*, and *The Lad Who Went to the North Pole*.

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OLD STORIES FOR YOUNG READERS

THE LION AND THE MOUSE



LION. — Oh, see the little mouse! He is hurt and cannot run. I wish that he were bigger, but I will eat him, small as he is.

MOUSE. — Oh, please, Mr. Lion, do not eat me! I am so very small, I should hardly make you a mouthful. Do let me go, and I will help you sometime.

LION. — Well then, go, as soon as you are able. But you are very small. You will never be able to

help me. You are only a wee little mouse.

(A few days later)

LION. — Oh, oh, oh! They have tied me fast. They will soon be back to take me away. They will put me in a cage. I shall never get out again. Oh, oh, oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?

MOUSE. — I could hear you roaring far away, Mr. Lion. I see why you roar. They have tied you with ropes. You would like to be free.

LION. — Oh, yes, Mr. Mouse. They will put me in a cage. I shall never see my friends again.

(The lion roars and roars)

MOUSE. — I may be able to help you.

LION. — You ! A little mouse ! What can you do ?

MOUSE. — Wait and see, Mr. Lion. I may be able to gnaw the ropes.

(Mr. Mouse climbs up on the ropes and starts to gnaw them)

LION. — Oh, do work fast, Mr. Mouse. I hear the dogs barking. They are coming to get me !

(Mr. Mouse gnaws and gnaws as fast as he can. At last the ropes are gnawed in two)

MOUSE. — Now run fast, Mr. Lion. The dogs are coming down the hill !

LION. — Oh, thank you. You are

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just a wee little mouse, but I shall never forget you.

(Mr. Lion runs quickly away)



THE DOVE AND THE ANT



AN ant fell into the water one day.

“Help, help!” he called.

“I have fallen into the water. I shall drown. Help! Help!”

A dove heard the ant’s call. He threw a leaf into the water.

“Here, little ant,” he said, “get up on the leaf, and ride to the land.”

The ant got up on the leaf. He rode to land, and was safe.

“Thank you, Mr. Dove,” he said.

“Some day I may help you.”

Not long after, the ant saw a man walking along. The man had a big gun. He was looking up into a tree. On the tree sat the dove. The dove did not see the man with the gun.

“Ah, what a fine bird,” said the man. “I will shoot him.”

The ant heard the man. He ran up and bit him in the heel.

“Oh, my heel! my heel!” said the man.

He jumped up and down. The gun fell to the ground. The dove heard the noise and flew away. The ant was glad to save the life of his friend.

THE JOHNNY CAKE



MAN, a woman and a little boy lived together. One day the woman made a fine little Johnny Cake. She put it into the oven to bake. Then she went into the field to work. The man went with her.

The boy stayed at home. Before long he smelled the Johnny Cake baking in the oven. He opened the oven door and saw the Johnny Cake, but thought that it was not done.

“I will go outside,” he said.

“When the cake is done, I will eat it.”

The little boy went away. He forgot to close the oven door.

“Ah, ha,” said the Johnny Cake. “The door open! Just what I want. Now I will run away.”

He jumped out of the oven. Out of the house he ran. The little boy saw him.

“Come back, you Johnny Cake,” said the boy. “Come back, I say.”

And he ran after Johnny Cake, but could not catch him.

Johnny Cake ran on, and soon came to the woman and man at work in the field.

“Oh, ho!” they called. “The



“OH, HO!” THEY CALLED. “THE JOHNNY CAKE!”

Johnny Cake! Come back! Come back!”

Then they too ran after him as fast as they could. But they could not catch him.

Johnny Cake came to a farmer.

“Oh, ho,” called the farmer.

“Stop, I want to eat you.”

He ran after Johnny Cake, who called out :

“I have outrun a boy, a woman,
and a little old man,
And I can outrun you, too, I can.”

The farmer could not catch Johnny Cake.

A big wolf saw Johnny Cake.

“Oh, just what I want for dinner,” he called.

He ran as fast as he could, but Johnny Cake ran faster. As he ran he called out :

“I have outrun a boy, a woman, a farmer,
and a little old man,
You, too, I can outrun, I can.”

Soon Johnny Cake saw a fox. The fox did not run after Johnny Cake.

He said, "Where are you going?"

"I am going to see the world," said Johnny Cake,

"For I have outrun a boy, a wolf, a farmer, a woman, a man,
And I can outrun you, I can."

"What did you say?" said the fox. "I cannot hear very well."

Then Johnny Cake said again :

"I am going to see the world,
For I have outrun a boy, a wolf, a woman,
A farmer, a man,
And I can outrun you, I can."

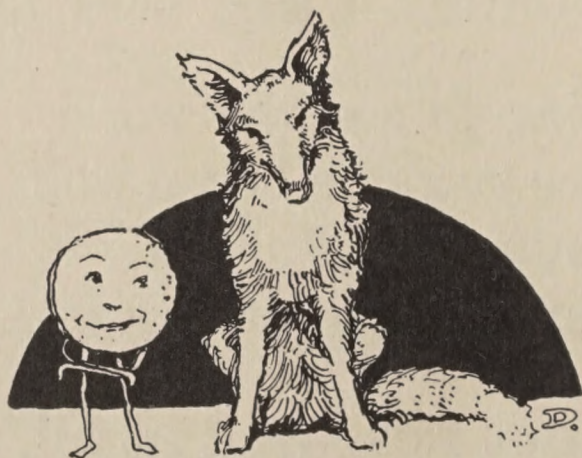
"I cannot hear well at all, to-day," said the fox. "Will you come a little nearer?"

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Johnny Cake went up close to the fox and called into his ear:

“I am going to see the world,
For I have outrun a boy, a wolf, a woman,
A farmer, a man,
And I can outrun you, I can.”

“Don’t be too sure,” said Mr. Fox, as OPEN went his mouth and IN went Johnny Cake.



THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES

(Evening)



LITTLE ONES. — O mother !
Mr. Jones was out in the field to-day. He said the grain must be cut. He is going to get his friends to cut it. We will have to go.

MOTHER. — No, little ones. We can stay here a little longer. The grain will not be cut to-morrow.

(Next night)

LITTLE ONES. — O mother ! We must go away now ! Farmer Jones

was in the field again to-day. He is going to get his uncles and cousins to cut the grain for him.

MOTHER. — Do not fear, little ones. We need not go yet. The grain will not be cut to-morrow.

(Next day)

LITTLE ONES. — O mother ! We will have to go ! Farmer Jones was in the field again to-day. He said he was going to cut the grain himself. He is coming to-morrow.

MOTHER. — Now we must leave, little ones. If Farmer Jones is going to cut the grain himself, it will be done. Come, let us go at once.

THE WONDERFUL POT



A WOMAN and her son were very poor. A rich man had taken their money. All they had was a cow which had grown very old.

“She is of no use to us,” said the woman. “Take her, my boy, and sell her.”

The boy took the cow by a rope. As he walked along he met a man. The man had a little pot with three legs.

“Will you buy my cow?” asked the boy. “Yes,” said the man. “I will give you the pot for it.”



HIS MOTHER FELT VERY SAD WHEN SHE SAW THE POT.

The boy was going to say "No," when he heard a little voice.

It said, "I am a fairy pot. Take me, little boy. I will help you."

Because of the voice, the little boy gave the man the cow and took the pot.

His mother felt very sad when she saw the pot. "My boy, what have you done?" she asked. "This pot will do us no good. We have nothing to put into it."

Then she heard the little voice say, "Do not feel sad. I am a fairy pot. I will help you. Wash me, and you will see."

The woman washed the pot.

“Now, what shall I put into you?” she asked.

“Nothing,” said the pot. “See me. I skip, I skip.”

“Where do you skip?” asked the woman.

“To the rich man’s house,” said the pot. And away he skipped.

The rich woman was getting dinner. She was putting good things to eat on the table. The little pot skipped into the room.

“Fill me with your good things. I am big enough to hold them,” he said to the rich woman.

The rich woman laughed. She thought it fun to hear a pot talk.

She filled the pot with good things to eat.

“Now put them on the table,” she said.

But oh ! oh ! The pot ran out of the door.

“I skip, I skip,” he called out.

“Where do you skip ?” called the rich woman.

“I skip home,” said the pot. And the pot was away before the woman could see where he had gone. Skip, skip, on he went until he came to the house of the poor woman. Then he stopped. He gave the poor woman all the good things to eat. She was very happy.

The next day the pot set off again.

“I skip, I skip,” he said.

“Where do you skip?” asked the woman.

“To the rich man’s house,” said the pot. And away he went, as fast as you please.

The rich man was counting his money. He laid it on the table. The little pot skipped into the room.

“Put some money into me,” he said. “See if you can fill me full of money.”

The rich man laughed. “I have more than that,” he said.

“Let me see if you have,” said the pot.

The rich man filled the pot with money.



THE LITTLE POT SKIPPED INTO THE ROOM.

“There, Little Pot,” he said.

“Thank you,” answered the pot.

“I skip, I skip.”

“Oh, oh, where do you skip?” called the rich man.

“I skip home,” said the pot.

Then away he went, over the fields to the poor woman’s house. He gave the poor woman the money at once.

“O Little Pot,” she said. “Now we are no longer poor. This money will last a long time.”

“Very well,” said the pot. “I skip, I skip.”

“Where do you skip?” asked the woman.

“To carry off the rich man,” said the pot, and away he went again.

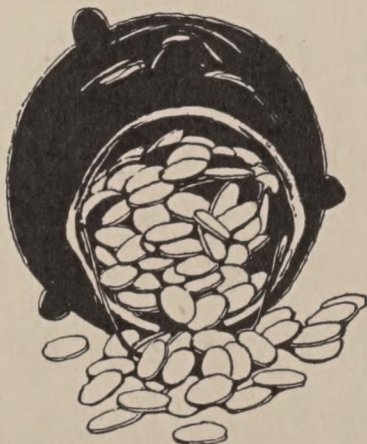
The rich man saw him at once.

“O here you are. Just wait until I get you,” he said.

Then he caught the little pot. And what do you think happened? The rich man grew smaller and smaller. Soon he was no bigger than your hand. He fell into the pot and could not get out. He tried and tried, but it was of no use.

“I skip, I skip,” cried the little pot.

Then away he skipped with the rich man, and no one ever saw them again.



THE FOOLISH BLUEJAY



BLUEJAY saw some peacocks walking along.

“What fine birds,” he said. “I wish I were like them. Bluejays are not good enough for me. I am going to get some peacock feathers. I will put them in my tail and make myself a peacock. Then how proud I shall be! I will not live with the bluejays any more. I will be a peacock and go to live with them. It will be great fun.”

The bluejay took some peacock feathers and put them in his tail.

“Now I am better than the blue-jays,” he said. “I will not talk to them any more. I will live with the peacocks and be one of them.”

Then he walked up and down so that all might see. But dear ! dear ! Poor Mr. Bluejay ! The peacocks only made fun of him.

“You are no peacock,” they cried. “How foolish you are.” And they made him go away.

Mr. Bluejay went back to his own home, but his old friends laughed and laughed.

“Ha ! Ha ! what a proud bird,” they said.

They would have nothing to do with Mr. Bluejay.

“Go away to the peacocks whom you liked so well,” they said.

Poor Mr. Bluejay ! The peacocks would not have him. The bluejays drove him away. He had no friends at all. What a very foolish bird he was !



THE DONKEY AND HIS FRIENDS SEEK THEIR FORTUNE



ONCE a donkey set out to seek his fortune. He met a cow.

“Good morning,” said the cow.

“Where are you going?”

“I am going to seek my fortune,” said the donkey.

“May I go with you?” said the cow.

“No, you may not,” said the donkey.

“Oh, yes, I will,” said the cow.

“Well, then, follow after,” said the donkey.

The cow followed.

They had not gone far when they met a sheep.

“Where are you going?” said the sheep.

“I am going to seek my fortune,” said the donkey.

“May I go with you?” said the sheep.

“No, you may not,” said the donkey.

“Oh, yes, I will,” said the sheep.

“Well, then, follow after,” said the donkey.

They went a little farther and met a pig.

“Where are you going?” said the pig.

“I am going to seek my fortune,” said the donkey.

“May I go with you?” said the pig.

“No, no,” said the donkey.

“Oh, please say ‘Yes,’” said the pig.

“Well, then, ‘Yes,’ follow after,” said the donkey.

The pig followed.

A little farther on they met a dog.

“Where are you going?” said the dog.

“I am going to seek my fortune,” said the donkey.

“I am going with you,” said the dog.

“No, you are not,” said the donkey.

“Oh, please let me go,” said the dog.

“Well, then, come along,” said the donkey.

As they went along, they met a cat.

“Where are you going?” said the cat.

“I am going to seek my fortune,” said the donkey.

“May I go with you?” said the cat.

“No, I do not want you,” said the donkey.

“Oh, but I must go,” said the cat.

“Well, then, follow along,” said the donkey.

The cat followed.

Soon a turkey came along.

“Where are you going?” said the turkey.

“I am going to seek my fortune,” said the donkey.

“Let me go with you,” said the turkey.

“That I will not,” said the donkey.

“Oh, please let me go,” said the turkey.

“Oh, then, come on,” said the donkey.

The turkey went along.

Still farther down the road they met a rooster.

“Where are you going?” said the rooster.

“I am going to seek my fortune,” said the donkey.

“May I go with you?” said the rooster.

“No, you may not,” said the donkey.

“Oh, yes, I will,” said the rooster.

“You are of no use, but come along,” said the donkey.

And along went the rooster.

First came the donkey, then the cow, then the sheep, then the pig, then the dog, then the cat, then the turkey, and last the rooster. They went on and on until they came to a deep woods where they saw a light.

The donkey called the cat.

“Get up into this tree, and see what makes that light,” he said.

The cat got up into the tree. He could see well with his big green eyes.

“Oh, Mr. Donkey,” he said. “There is a little house. In the house are some men. They are going to bed now.”

“Very well,” said the donkey. “Now, my friends, hear me. I have heard of this house. Bad men are living in it. They take things from other men. Let us drive them away. Mrs. Cow, what can you do to help?”

“I can moo, and I can hook,” said the cow.



"NOW, MY FRIENDS, HEAR ME."

“I can baa and bleat,” said the sheep.

“I can squeal and bite,” said the pig.

“I can bark and bite,” said the dog.

“I can mew and scratch,” said the cat.

“I can gobble and peck,” said the turkey.

“I can crow and peck,” said the rooster.

“Well enough,” said the donkey.

“I will say ‘Go,’ when the time comes.”

Then they went up to the little house. The bad men were asleep upstairs. The doors were open,

and the donkey and his friends went in. They kept very still. The donkey lay before the door. The cow went out into the shed. The sheep hid behind a chair. The pig lay down on the last stair. The dog went outside the door. The cat sat on top of a chair. The turkey sat on the table. They were very still. The bad men did not wake up.

Soon the donkey said, "Go." Then the cow said, "Moo, Moo." The sheep said, "Baa, Baa." The pig called out, "Wee, Wee." The dog said, "Bow, Wow." The cat cried, "Mew, Mew." The turkey went, "Gobble, Gobble." The

rooster shouted, "Cock-a-doodle-doo." What a noise they made!

The bad men awoke and ran downstairs. On the last stair they fell over the pig. One went to the table to get a match. The turkey pecked him on the nose. Another fell into a chair. The cat scratched him in the face. They tried to reach the door. The sheep got in the way and caused them to fall. They got up and went out of the door. The dog bit them in the leg. They ran out to the shed. The cow hooked them and frightened them away. What a time they had!

Away they ran, and never came back to the little house again.

THE FOX WHO LOST HIS TAIL



FOX lost his tail in a trap one day. He felt very sad, for all his friends had bushy tails.

“Now I shall have a hard time,” he said. “My friends will make fun of me. What shall I do?”

The fox thought about it for a long time. At last he stood up against a tree. He called the other foxes to him.

“Friends,” he said, “I wish to speak to you. It is about our tails. Did you ever think how useless they

are? They do us no good. They are only in the way. Look at Mr. Rabbit. He has a very little tail. And how fast he runs. We could go faster if we had no tails. Let us cut them off. How many will do it?"

"Turn around, turn around," said all the foxes at once. "The trap has your tail, but not ours. We will keep ours on our backs. Good day."



THE KID WHO WOULD NOT GO



ONCE I found some money.
With my money I bought
a kid. He was a fine kid,
but he would not go.

It was getting very late,
I had no time to wait.
Oh, how I wanted him to go.

I went to a stick.

“Stick, Stick, beat Kid. Kid will
not go,” I said.

It is getting very late,
I have no time to wait.
Oh, how I want the kid to go.

But the stick would not.

I went to the fire. “Fire, Fire, burn Stick. Stick will not beat Kid. Kid will not go,” I said.

But the fire would not.

I went to the water. “Water, Water, put out Fire. Fire will not burn Stick. Stick will not beat Kid. Kid will not go,” I said.

It is getting very late,

I have no time to wait.

Oh, how I want the kid to go.

But the water would not.

I went to the ox and said, “Ox, Ox, drink Water. Water will not put out Fire. Fire will not burn Stick. Stick will not beat Kid. Kid will not go.” But the ox would not.

Then I said to the butcher,

“Butcher, Butcher, kill Ox. Ox will not drink Water. Water will not put out Fire. Fire will not burn Stick. Stick will not beat Kid. Kid will not go.”

It is getting very late,
I have no time to wait.
Oh, how I want the kid to go.

But the butcher would not.

I saw a rope as I went along.
I said to the rope, “Rope, Rope,
hang Butcher. Butcher will not
kill Ox. Ox will not drink Water.
Water will not put out Fire. Fire
will not burn Stick. Stick will
not beat Kid, and I cannot make
Kid go.” But the rope would
not.

I went to the rat. “Rat, Rat,” I said, “gnaw Rope. Rope will not hang Butcher. Butcher will not kill Ox. Ox will not drink Water. Water will not put out Fire. Fire will not burn Stick. Stick will not beat Kid. Kid will not go.” But the rat would not.

It was getting very late,
I had no time to wait.

Oh, how I wished the kid would go.

At last I went to the cat. “Oh, please, Cat, catch Rat,” I said. “Rat will not gnaw Rope. Rope will not hang Butcher. Butcher will not kill Ox. Ox will not drink Water. Water will not put out Fire. Fire will not burn Stick.

Stick will not beat Kid. Kid will not go."

"Well," said the cat,

"I see 'tis very late,

You have no time to wait.

I'll help you make your kid to go."

Then Cat began to catch Rat. Rat began to gnaw Rope. Rope began to hang Butcher. Butcher began to kill Ox. Ox began to drink Water. Water began to put out Fire. Fire began to burn Stick. Stick began to beat Kid. And Kid ran home as fast as his legs could carry him.

It was getting very late,

I had no time to wait.

How glad I was to see him go.

THE DONKEY AND THE HORSE



HORSE and a donkey were walking along a road. The donkey had a big load on his back. The horse had no load. The donkey asked the horse to help him. The horse would not help. The poor donkey was sick. “Help me,” he said, “or I shall die.”

Still the horse would not help him. The donkey was too sick to go. Soon he fell dead.

A man came along. “Look at this poor donkey,” he said. “The horse must carry him to town. He shall carry him on his back.”

The man put the donkey on to the horse's back. He put the load on, too. The horse had a hard time. It was a bigger load than the one which the donkey had asked him to carry. The horse wished that he had been kinder to the poor old donkey.

THE FAIRY SHOES



LADY once had a little baby. One day she gave him a party. Many people came. Each one brought something for the baby. There was a fairy at the party. She gave the baby a pair of shoes.

“These are fairy shoes,” the fairy said. “They will never wear out. When the baby grows, the shoes will grow. And there is another fine thing about them. They will pinch the little boy, sometimes. When he goes to school, he will have

to be a good boy. If he is not, the shoes will pinch him. If you call him, he will come quickly. If he does not, the shoes will pinch him.”

The mother said, “Thank you,” and the fairy went away.

The baby grew day by day. Soon he put on the shoes. Sometimes he was not a good boy. Then how the shoes did pinch ! He was glad to be good again.

One day he set off for school. The birds were singing. The sun was shining. He came to a hill from which he could see a pond. In the pond were beautiful flowers.

“Oh !” said the little boy. “How I wish I had those flowers. I have

never seen such beautiful ones before. What do I care for school? I am going to get the flowers first."

Then the shoes began to pinch.

"Stop pinching me," said the little boy. "I want those flowers, and I wish you wouldn't pinch me."

The little boy went to the pond. He let the shoes pinch and pinch. The flowers were out in the middle of the pond. He walked into the water. Then, what do you think? His shoes went down under the water. The little boy could not see them any more.

He did not care. He kept on picking the flowers. It was very late. The school bell had rung. At last he



HE KEPT ON PICKING FLOWERS.

had all the flowers he wanted. He could not carry any more. Then he set off for school.

My, how late it was! When he went into the room all the children laughed. What do you think made them laugh? The little boy soon found what it was. There at his desk were his two shoes. In each was a big yellow flower. The children looked at the shoes, then at him. They laughed and laughed.

“We know very well why you are late,” the teacher said. “You were at the pond. Put on your shoes, at once.” Then the little boy had to put on his shoes while all the children looked on. He knew that

they thought him a very naughty boy, indeed. He did not like it.

“I will never be late again,” he said to himself.

And you may be sure, he never was.



BELLING THE CAT



FIRST MOUSE. — I am very unhappy. Mr. Cat is always around. I cannot stand it any longer. The other day he came very near catching me. He had my tail in his mouth, but I got away. I tell you, I will not stand it any longer!

SECOND MOUSE. — You are right, my friend. We cannot be happy when our lives are in danger. How I wish Mr. Cat were in the well!

THIRD MOUSE. — I, too, have been

very unhappy. Mr. Cat has eaten two of my babies. I do not know what to do.

FOURTH MOUSE.—I wish we could tell when he was coming. His paws are so soft we can hardly hear him at all.

FIRST MOUSE.—I know of a plan! Let's hang a bell around Mr. Cat's neck.

ALL THE OTHER MICE.—Good! Good!

SECOND MOUSE.—I will go and get the bell.

SECOND MOUSE (*Coming with the bell*).—Now, who will hang the bell about Mr. Cat's neck?

ALL THE MICE AT ONCE.—Not I! Not I! Not I!

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE



HARE once met a tortoise. The tortoise was not going very fast.

“How slow you are!” said the hare. “I pity any one as slow as you.”

“You do?” answered the tortoise. “Let us have a race. Slow as I am, I will beat you.”

“Oh, what a race that will be,” said the hare, and he laughed.

Just then Mr. Fox came along. The hare called to him, “Come here, Mr. Fox. We are going to have a

race. Will you be the judge? You may say, 'One, two, three, Go!'"

The fox said he would be the judge. So he called, "One, two, three, Go!"

The hare and the tortoise set off.

The hare ran so fast he was soon out of breath. He looked around and saw the tortoise far behind.

"This is easy," he said. "I can lie down and rest a bit. The tortoise is very slow!"

So he lay down under a tree and fell asleep.

The tortoise did not stop at all. He saw the hare, but still he kept on until he had reached the goal.

The hare awoke and ran to the

goal, also. “ Well, well. So you are here ! ” he said to the tortoise.

“ Yes, I am here, ” the tortoise answered — “ Slow but sure often wins the race ! ”



THE THREE PIGS



HERE were once three pigs. One was named Browney. One was named Whitey. One was named Blackey. Whitey was a very greedy pig. How he did like to eat! He was so fat he could hardly run at all. Browney was the dirty pig. He would roll in the mud all day, and sleep in the dirtiest place he could find at night. Blackey was a good little pig. His mother would say, "You are the best one of all, Blackey."

One day Mrs. Pig said, "I am go-

ing on a long visit, but I will give each of you a new house. What kind shall I leave you, Whitey ? ”

“ Oh, a house made of cabbage,” said Whitey. And he smacked his lips at the thought.

Then Mrs. Pig asked Browney, “ What sort of a house would you like ? ”

“ Oh,” said Browney, “ leave me a mud house. I could be happy in a house made of mud.”

Mrs. Pig turned to Blackey.

“ Little Blackey,” she said, “ what would you like ? ”

“ I will take a house made of brick,” he said.

Not long after, Mrs. Pig went

away, and the three little pigs moved into their new houses. They were all very happy for awhile. Whitey ate a little cabbage from the walls of his house each day, until he could feel the wind blowing through the holes. And Browney had almost as much mud as he wanted.

But one day Mr. Wolf came to the door of Whitey's house. "Let me in," he said.

"No, no," said Whitey, "by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin, I will not let you in."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed until he

blew the house in. Then he carried poor Whitey away to his den.

The next day the wolf went to Browney's house. "Let me in," he said.

"No, no, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin, I will not let you in," said Browney.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed until he blew the house in. Then he carried Browney away to his den.

"Ah," said the wolf. "When I have Blackey, I will call in my friends and we will have a feast. What a fine time we shall have!"

He went to Blackey's house.

"Let me in," he said.

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin, I will not let you in," said Blackey.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in," said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, but he could not blow the house in.

Then he thought of a plan.

"Little Blackey," he said. "I know of a fine field of cabbage. Would you like some?"

"Oh, yes," said Blackey.

"Very well," said Mr. Wolf, "go to the field over yonder at four o'clock, and take all you want. It

is the finest cabbage you ever ate.” Then Mr. Wolf went away.

The next morning Blackey got up at three o'clock and went to the field. He ate all the cabbage he wanted and ran home as fast as he could. Mr. Wolf went to the field at four o'clock, but he could see no pig. He was very angry.

“I'll get that pig somehow,” he said.

He went to Blackey's house again. “Do you like turnips?” he called to Blackey.

“Oh, yes,” said Blackey.

“I know where there are some big ones,” said Mr. Wolf. “Go over into Farmer White's garden

at four o'clock to-morrow morning, and you will find the best turnips you ever ate." Then Mr. Wolf went away.

The next morning Blackey got up at two o'clock. He went over into Farmer White's garden and ate all he wanted. After that he went home.

Mr. Wolf got up at three o'clock this time and went to the garden, but there was no little pig there. He was very angry again.

"Just wait until I get that pig," he said. "He will taste good to me."

Mr. Wolf went to Blackey's house. "Blackey," he said, "the best turnips are on the hill, over there. My, but they are fine turnips! If you

would like some, you can get them at four o'clock to-morrow morning."

Mr. Wolf went away.

The next morning Blackey got up at one o'clock. This time he took his churn with him. He thought he would go to the field, and then take his churn to town. He ate all the turnips he wished, and was about to go when he saw Mr. Wolf coming.

"Dear, dear!" he said, "there is Mr. Wolf! What shall I do?"

Just then he thought of the churn. He jumped into it as fast as he could and rolled down the hill. Bump, bump, went the churn, right into Mr. Wolf who was walking up the hill. Poor Mr. Wolf was hurt

so badly he could not get up for some time. Blackey did not stop. He kept on until he reached the foot of the hill. Then he jumped out and ran home as fast as he could. When he was safe inside, he laughed at the thought of Mr. Wolf on the hill. He put on a kettle of water to boil, and went on with his work.

Soon Mr. Wolf came along. "Blackey, I am going to get into your house," he said.

He tried the door, but it would not open. He tried the windows, but he could not get in that way. So he climbed to the roof, and began to crawl down the chimney. My, what a noise he made !

Blackey was not at all afraid. He took the cover from the pot of boiling water. Into the pot fell Mr. Wolf, and on went the cover!

“Ah,” said Blackey. “Now I



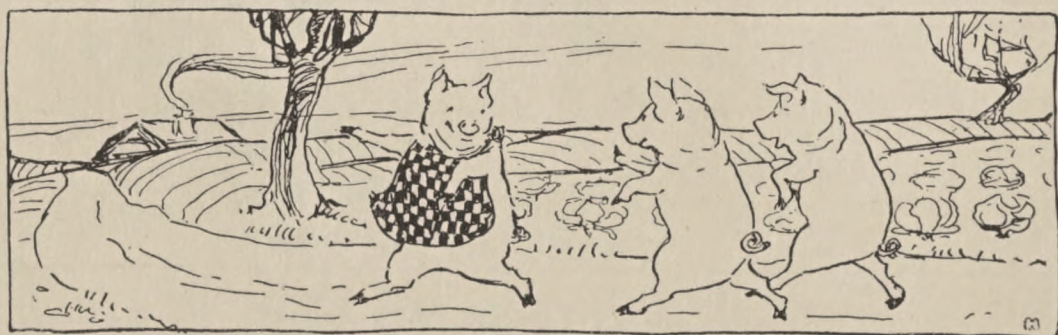
INTO THE POT FELL MR. WOLF.

have you. I will go at once to tell my brothers."

Blackey went to the wolf's den, where poor Whitey and Browney were waiting to be eaten up by Mr. Wolf and his friends.

"You are free, you are free!" called Blackey. "Mr. Wolf is in my pot of boiling water. Come with me to my home. We shall have a fine dinner."

"Hurrah!" they shouted, and off they went to Blackey's house.



THE WIND AND THE SUN



WIND. — I am stronger than you.

SUN. — O no ! I am stronger !

WIND. — I can tear up trees and blow down houses.

SUN. — I can shine many days without getting tired.

WIND. — I am tired of your boasting. Do you see that man coming along ? We will try our strength on him. He has on a long coat. See who can make him take it off.

The one who can do it is the stronger.

SUN. — A good plan. You try first.

(The wind blows, and blows, and follows the man. He makes a loud noise as he blows)

MAN. — What a cold day! I am glad I wore my coat. I will hold it about me. This is such a strong wind.

SUN. — Ha! ha! The man will not take off his coat. Let me try.

(The sun shines on the man and follows him about)

MAN. — Well! well! First cold and then hot. What a day this is! I am so hot that I cannot walk. I will sit down under this tree.

(The sun shines through the leaves of the trees)

MAN.—I will have to go on. The sun shines through the leaves. What a hot day! I cannot stand it any longer. I must take off my coat at once.

(The man takes off his coat)

SUN.—Oh! oh! Mr. Wind! Now what is the man doing?

WIND.—He is taking off his coat. You, Mr. Sun, are the stronger.



THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND



LADY was walking along one day. She had a pan full of flour. It was a windy day. The West Wind was blowing and blowing. Soon he saw the lady's flour.

“Whew ! Whew !” he said, and away went the flour.

The lady was very angry. She called her boy. “My boy,” she said, “see what the West Wind has done. He has blown away my flour. Go tell his father, the North

Wind. Perhaps he will give me back the flour."

The lad set out at once for the North Wind. It was a long way, but he kept on and on. When night came, he stopped at an inn. The next day he went on again. Soon he came to the North Wind. He told him about the flour.

The North Wind was very sorry. "West Wind is so fond of play," he said.

Then he gave the lad a cloth. "Take this," he said. "When you wish something to eat, lay it on the table. Say to it these words :

'Cloth, cloth, upon my table,
Send me food, if you are able.'

“When you have said these words, you will find as much as you can eat on your table. As soon as you have had all you wish, say to the cloth :

‘Cloth, cloth, upon my table,
Take away, if you are able.’

“Then the food will go away, and you can put the cloth into your pocket.”

The lad was very happy. “This is better than the flour,” he said. “Thank you, North Wind. I will take it home to mother at once.”

On the way the lad stopped at the inn. When it was time for supper he took out the cloth. He said,

“Cloth, cloth, upon my table,
Send me food, if you are able.”

Then, what a fine supper he had !

The innkeeper saw the cloth.
How he wished that he had it !

That night the lad went to bed early. He was very tired. It was not long before he was fast asleep.

At midnight the innkeeper crept up the stairs. He opened the door very softly. He could hear the lad sleeping. He went into the lad's room. Softly he walked around until he found the cloth. "Ah," he said, "now the cloth is mine. The lad will never know that I have it." Down the stairs he went with the cloth in his pocket.

The next morning the lad looked

for the cloth. It was gone! He looked and looked, but could not find it. How sad he was! "Poor mother," he said. "I must not go home without the cloth. I will go back to the North Wind."

The lad went to the North Wind again. He was very sad. "What shall I do?" he said. "I must take something home to mother."

"Well, well," said the North Wind. "You have been having a hard time. I will help you find the cloth. Take this stick and go back to the inn. When all the people are at dinner, say these words :

'Stick, stick, beat, beat,
Until the cloth is at my feet.'

“You will see who has your cloth.”

The lad thanked the North Wind and started off again. He stopped at the inn. The innkeeper met him at the door. “There is no room here,” he said.

“But it is so cold,” said the lad. “Just let me stay for dinner, and I will go away.”

“Well then, come in,” said the innkeeper. “But you must leave as soon as you have had your dinner. It is ready now.”

The people came in for their dinner, and the lad called out,

“Stick, stick, beat, beat,
Until the cloth is at my feet.”



"OH, OH, OH," HE CRIED. "PLEASE DO NOT BEAT ME!"

Then what do you think happened ? The stick began to beat the innkeeper. Oh, how it did beat him !

The innkeeper did not know what to do ! “Oh, oh, oh,” he cried. “Please do not beat me ! Stop beating me, I say ! Oh ! Oh ! My back, my back !”

But the stick kept on.

At last the innkeeper could stand it no longer. He threw the cloth at the lad, and ran out of the room as fast as he could go. The lad did not wait for more trouble. He picked up the stick, put the cloth into his pocket, and went home to tell his mother all about it.

THE UNHAPPY PINE TREE



IN a big forest stood a pine tree. He was a beautiful little tree. In summer the birds built their nests among his branches. In winter he was the only green tree, and every one loved him. But he was not happy. He did not like his needles.

“How I do wish I had no needles,” he said. “Gold leaves would be beautiful. If I only had leaves of gold, I should be happy.”

A kind fairy heard these words. He touched the little pine tree with

his magic wand. In the morning the little pine tree awoke to find leaves of shining gold. He shook them so that the other trees would hear. How proud he was! He wanted every one to see his beautiful leaves of shining gold.

A man came along with a big bag. When he came to the little pine tree, he stopped. He had never seen anything like that before. "It must be a fairy tree," he said. Then he picked the leaves and put them into his bag.

The poor little pine tree had no leaves at all. The other trees looked at him sadly. They felt sorry for the little pine tree.

“Dear, dear, no leaves at all,” the pine tree said. “If I only had leaves of glass, I should be happy.”

The kind fairy heard these words. In the night he again touched the little tree with his magic wand.

The next morning there were leaves of beautiful glass. The sun shone on them, and they sparkled like diamonds. All the trees looked at them. They thought the glass leaves very beautiful. The little pine tree was the happiest of all.

“These are much better than leaves of gold,” he said.

Pretty soon it grew very dark. The wind began to blow. It blew

harder and harder. Then the rain fell. What a bad storm it was ! How it shook the little pine tree !

“ Oh, my leaves, my leaves,” said the little tree. “ They will break, I know.”

He was right. It was not long before every glass leaf was broken. The storm went away after awhile. But the glass leaves were gone. The little pine tree looked around. He saw the other trees of the forest with their green leaves.

“ After all, the green leaves are the best,” he said. “ I wish that I had leaves like the other trees.”

In the morning he had green leaves just like the trees about him.

“Good morning,” the trees said to him. “Now you are like us. But you are a pine tree, and pine trees should have needles.”

“I do not like needles. I want leaves like yours. Don’t you think they look beautiful?” the pine tree answered. “They are so fresh and green.”

Just then a goat came along, and saw the little tree. “What a fine dinner,” he said. Then he ate every leaf. Not one did he leave upon the branches.

How sad the little tree felt! “No leaves again,” he said. “I am tired of this. What shall I do? First a man, then a storm, and now a goat

has taken my leaves. I cannot feel safe at all. If I only had my needles back again, I should be happy."

In the morning the little pine tree had its long, green needles.

"Good morning," one of the trees said to him. "Now you have your needles again."

"Yes," answered the little pine tree,

"Gold leaves or glass leaves are beautiful
to see,
But needles are the best for a little pine
tree."

THE TWO SISTERS



THERE were once two sisters. One was a very good girl.

The other was a very bad one. One day the good girl was spinning. She was sitting near an old well, spinning away as fast as she could. Soon a strange thing happened! Her spindle fell into the well. The good little girl was very much frightened. She was afraid her mother would not like it. "I will go and get the spindle," she said.

The well was an old one, and no

longer filled with water. She jumped into it. Then another strange thing happened ! She could not see her spindle, but she saw a beautiful field. In the field was a large oven. In the oven bread was baking.

“Take us out, take us out,” said the loaves. “We are burning.”

“I will take you out,” said the little girl. “It is no fun to burn in an oven. I will take you out at once.”

She took out the loaves of bread, and went on her way. She had not gone far when she came to an apple tree.

“Shake me, shake me,” said the tree.

“Yes, those apples must be heavy,” said the good little girl as she shook the tree.

She walked on farther until she came to a little house. In the doorway stood an old woman.

“Come in, my child,” she said. “I want you to help me. I am so tired to-day.”

“Very well,” said the little girl. “What can I do for you?”

“You can shake my bed so that the feathers fly,” said the old woman.

“I shall like that,” said the good little girl. And she shook the bed until the feathers flew about like snow.



"COME IN, MY CHILD," SHE SAID.

The old woman was a fairy. When the bed was made, she called the little girl to her. "Go back the way you came," she said. "You will find your spindle at the well."

The good little girl thanked the old woman, and started for the well. As she walked out of the door gold fell all about her. She was covered with it. How beautiful she looked! And how happy she was.

"That is for you," said the old woman. "You are a good little girl. Go home and take the gold with you."

The good little girl was off at once.

When she reached home the cock saw her. He cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo, here comes our golden girl."

The good little girl's mother was very happy. She took the gold into the house, and put it into a big box.

"Where did it all come from?" she asked.

The good little girl told her mother all about it.

The bad sister did not like it. She wanted to be covered with gold, too. She took her spindle down to the well. She spun and spun for a long time. Soon her spindle, too, fell into the well. She jumped in, just as her sister had done. She, too, saw a

beautiful field. There was the same big oven in the field. The same loaves of bread were burning in the oven.

“Take us out, take us out,” they cried.

The bad little girl forgot all about what her sister had done.

“What! Burn my hands! Not I!” she said.

She went on, and left the loaves burning in the oven. She had not gone far when she came to the apple tree.

“Shake me! Shake me!” cried the tree.

“That I will not,” said the bad little girl. “I do not care to be hit

in the head with your big apples. You can shake yourself."

Soon she came to the little house. The old woman called her from inside.

"Come in, little girl," she said.

The bad little girl went in.

"I am glad to see you," said the old woman. "I am very tired to-day. You can work for me a little. Will you shake my bed until the feathers fly?"

The bad little girl laughed. "What a queer thing to ask of me," she said. "I must go at once. I have no time to shake feather beds."

As she went out of the door she

looked up to see the gold fall. But what did she see? Not beautiful shining gold but black pitch. Down fell the black, black pitch all about her. How ugly she looked!

“Go home,” said the old woman, “and tell your mother that you cannot find your spindle.”

The bad little girl was very sad. She ran home as fast as she could.

When the cock saw her he called, “Cock-a-doodle-doo, here comes the pitch girl.”

Every one ran away from her. They had never seen that kind of girl before. Her mother and sister were kind to her, but they felt sad.

For a long time the pitch would not come off. But when it was gone, I have heard them say that the bad little girl grew to be as good as her sister.



THE OLD LION



ONCE a lion grew too old to hunt. He did not know how he was going to get enough to eat. At last he thought of a plan. He went into his den. He called in the first animal he saw. “I am very sick,” he said. “I am hungry, too. Please tell some of your friends to bring me something to eat.”

The animal had a good heart. “I will tell my friends,” he said, and went away.

The next day the animal’s friends

began to come. As soon as they got inside the den, the lion ate them.

After awhile a fox came along. He would not go into the den. He stayed outside and called in to the lion. "How are you, Friend Lion?" he asked.

"I am very sick," answered the lion. "Come in and see me awhile."

"Oh, never mind," said the fox. "I see that all the tracks point into the den, but none point away from it. Good day."

THE WOODMAN AND HIS AX



HERE was once a very poor man. He was a woodman. Every day he cut down trees. He took them to town to sell.

One day he was hard at work. He was near a deep well, when Oh! oh! The head of his ax fell off. It fell into the well! The poor woodman did not know what he should do. He was very poor. He could not get a new ax head. He tried to get the old one out of the well. Oh, how hard he tried!

At last he had to give up.

By and by a fairy came along.

“Poor man!” she said. “What is the matter?”

“My ax head is in the well and I cannot get it,” the woodman replied. “I am too poor to buy another.”

“I may be able to help you,” said the fairy.

She jumped into the well. The woodman could not see her for a long time. When she came up she had an ax head in her hand. It was made of gold.

“Is this yours?” she asked.

“No,” answered the woodman.

“My ax head was not so good as that.”



SHE JUMPED INTO THE WELL.

“I will try again,” said the fairy.

Again she went down into the well. Again the woodman could not see her for a long time. At last she

came up with another ax head. It was made of silver.

“Is this yours?” she asked.

“No,” answered the woodman, “mine was not so good as that.”

“Very well. Down I go again,” said the fairy.

She put the gold and silver ax heads on the grass and jumped into the well. She was gone a very long time. When she came up she had a steel ax head.

“Is this yours?” she asked.

“Yes, yes,” answered the woodman, “that is mine. Now I can work again. Thank you, my good fairy.”

“And thank you, my good workman,” said the fairy. “Thank you

for being so honest. You might have taken the gold or silver ax head. You were too honest to take them. Now I am going to leave them with you."

And away went the fairy, leaving the gold and silver ax heads with the woodman.

The woodman took the ax heads home. He and his wife were very happy that night.

"Let us always be honest," they said.



THE GREEDY MASTER



WOLF once caught a fox. “Spare my life,” said the fox. “I will be your servant.”

The wolf wanted a servant. “I will spare your life. You shall wait upon me,” he said to the fox.

“I will do my best,” the fox answered.

One day the wolf and the fox were walking in the forest. The wolf became very hungry. “Get me something to eat,” he said to his servant the fox.

“That I will,” the fox answered. “Over yonder are two lambs with their mother. I will get you one of them.”

“Agreed. Be quick about it,” answered the hungry wolf.

The fox ran to the two lambs. The lambs were eating grass. He seized one and ran off with it. He did this quickly. The mother sheep did not see him.

“Here is a lamb for your dinner,” he said to the wolf.

The wolf ate the lamb and wanted more.

“Do not eat any more to-day,” the servant begged of his master.

“I will do as I please,” the wolf

answered. "I will get the other lamb. You may stay here and wait for me. Do not leave or I will catch you and eat you up."

"I will not leave," the fox answered.

The fox pointed out the place to the wolf. The wolf found the lamb. He tried to carry it off. The wolf made a great deal of noise. The mother sheep looked up. She saw the wolf and was frightened. She bleated loudly.

Out came the farmer who owned the sheep. The farmer carried a big stick. He caught the wolf. He taught him how a stick may be used.

The wolf was lame and sore. He could hardly get back to the fox. "You are a fine one," he said. "Why didn't you tell me there was a man with a stick about the place?"

"I told you not to take another lamb," the fox answered. "It is not wise to be greedy."

The next day the fox and the wolf were walking in the fields. The wolf again became hungry. "Get me something to eat," he said to his servant the fox.

"That I will," the fox answered. "Not far from here is a house. A woman made pancakes there, this morning. There is a plateful on her table. I will get you a few."

“Agreed. Be quick about it,” the hungry wolf answered.

The fox servant ran to the house. He slyly crept about. He peeped in at the kitchen window. He saw the plateful of pancakes on the table. The door was open and he went in. He ate one cake himself. He carried off six for his master.

“Here are some pancakes for your dinner,” he said to the wolf.

The wolf ate the pancakes and wanted more.

“Do not eat any more to-day,” the fox said to his master.

“I will do as I please,” the wolf answered. “I will get some more of the pancakes. You may stay

here and wait for me. Do not leave or I will catch you and eat you up.”

“I will not leave,” the fox answered.

The fox pointed out the place. The wolf went to the house.

He walked into the kitchen. On the table lay the plate. There were pancakes on it. “Ah,” said the wolf. “I will eat every one.”

He grabbed the pancakes quickly. The dish fell to the floor. It broke into many pieces.

The farmer’s wife heard the noise. She came running into the kitchen. She took up the broom and gave the wolf a beating. He was so lame he

could hardly walk. He limped out of the house.

It took him a long time to reach the fox. “You are a fine one,” he said. “Why didn’t you tell me there was a woman with a broom about the place?”

“I told you not to eat any more pancakes,” the fox answered. “It is not wise to be greedy.”

The next day the wolf and the fox were walking along a road. The wolf again became hungry. “Get me something to eat,” he said to his servant the fox.

“That I will,” the fox answered. “I know a place where there is a barrel of salted pig’s meat.”

“M-m-m,” said the wolf. “Where is it?”

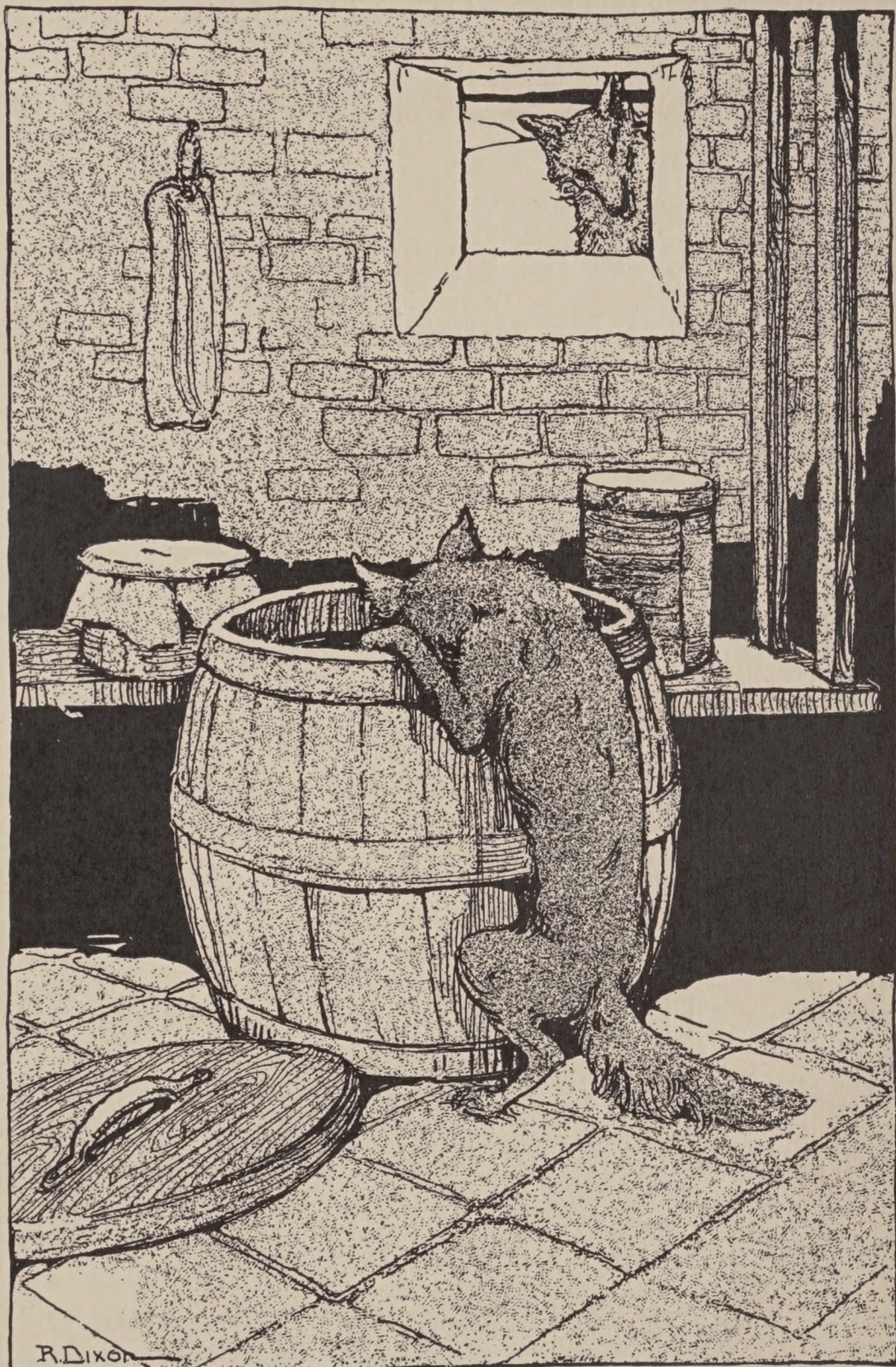
“Over yonder in a cellar,” the fox answered. “Come with me, this time.”

“Very well,” the wolf answered.

The fox and the wolf went to the cellar. There was a hole in one corner. The fox crawled through easily. The wolf could barely get through the hole. He was glad when he at last got into the cellar.

In the middle of the floor stood the barrel of salted pig’s meat.

“My, but I am hungry!” said the wolf. He pushed the fox aside. He wanted to be the first one to taste of the pig’s meat.



“MY, BUT I AM HUNGRY!” SAID THE WOLF.

The meat tasted good. The wolf ate and ate. The fox ran up and down between the barrel and the hole. He kept looking around. He wanted to see if any one was coming.

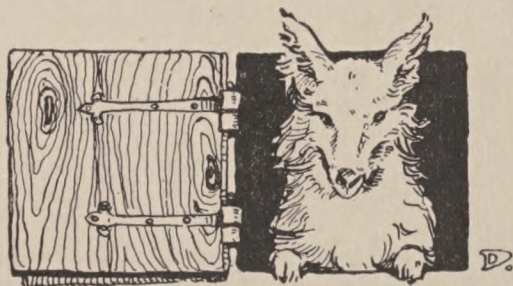
“Do not make so much noise,” said the wolf with his mouth full of pig’s meat.

“I cannot help it. My feet are tired and heavy,” the fox answered.

The fox made a great deal of noise. The man who owned the meat heard him. He came running into the cellar. The fox saw him coming. He sprang through the hole. The wolf tried to get through. He could not. He had eaten too

much pig's meat. The man caught the wolf and made an end of him.

The fox ran away as fast as he could. At last he was free again. How happy he was! He ran quickly into the woods to see his friends. Soon he forgot all about his greedy master.



THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER



TIN soldier lay in a box.
He had eleven brothers.

“Here are twelve tin soldiers,” cried a little boy. “How brave they look !”

The little boy took the tin soldiers. He set them on the table. “Oh,” he cried. “One soldier is not like the rest. He has but one leg. How firm he stands. He is the bravest soldier.”

The tin soldier wore a red and blue suit. He carried his gun over his shoulder. He looked straight

ahead. He was not afraid of the world.

At night the little boy put the eleven soldiers into their box. He closed the lid. The brave tin soldier was left on the table. He stood near the Jack-in-the-Box. He could see many toys about him.

When all was quiet, the toys had their fun. The balls bounced up and down. They rolled along the floor. The rocking horse rocked back and forth. The marbles knocked against each other in their bag. The eleven tin soldiers jumped up and down in their box. They wanted to get out. They wanted to have some fun.

On the table was a doll house. At the door stood a paper doll. She had but one leg. She danced like a fairy. Her face was beautiful.

The tin soldier liked the paper doll. "Come and play with me," he said to her.

The paper doll would not play with the tin soldier. The tin soldier felt very sad. He went back to his place near the Jack-in-the-Box. He did not care to play with any one.

The Jack-in-the-Box began to whisper to the soldier. "You are a brave soldier," he said. "You carry your gun over your shoulder. You look straight ahead. Do this always. Then the paper doll will

come and play with you. But you must never cry aloud. You must never move your eyes. You must not drop your gun. I am a fairy Jack-in-the-Box. Do what I have told you."

The tin soldier was glad to hear this. "Thank you, dear fairy," he said.

"A brave tin soldier I will be,
In fire, in water, on land, on sea."

In the morning the toys went back to their places. The little boy did not know about their fun.

He took out his soldiers. He set them up again on the table. "Left! Right! Left! Right! March!" he cried.

He put the bravest tin soldier on the window sill. "I am going away," he said. "I want you to stand here, in the window. You may be the guard."

The brave tin soldier was very proud. He wanted to look at the beautiful paper doll. "Do not move your eyes," the Jack-in-the-Box had said. The brave soldier did not look at the paper doll.

The boy went out and left the door open. A strong wind blew in through the open door. It blew the tin soldier right out of the window. Down, down, went the brave little fellow. He fell three stories. He said not a word.

He fell into a crack in the sidewalk. His head was in the crack. His one leg pointed into the air.

The little boy looked for his guard. He came near the crack in the sidewalk. The soldier might have cried, "Here I am." The boy would have found him.

The brave little soldier thought of this. Then he thought of the Jack-in-the-Box. He thought of the paper doll. "You must never cry aloud," the Jack-in-the-Box had said.

The brave soldier would not cry out to the little boy. He carried his gun over his shoulder. He looked straight ahead. He lay in the crack,

head downward. His head ached and ached.

Before long it began to rain. It rained very hard. After the rain, the sun came out. Two little boys came walking along.

One of the boys fell over the tin soldier. "Oh!" he cried. "Something tripped me."

"It is a tin soldier," said the other boy. "It has been in the rain. Let us make a boat for him. He can sail along the gutter. He can have a nice ride."

"That will be great fun," the other boy answered.

The boys made a boat out of a newspaper. They put the brave tin

soldier into it. They put the boat into the water of the gutter. It had rained so hard the water ran fast. “What a fine ride the soldier is having,” cried the boys.

The brave soldier liked the ride. It made his head feel better.

Soon the waters began to run more quickly. The boat sailed faster and faster. It sailed so fast the boys could not catch it. On it went, toward a bridge. The bridge formed a part of a drain. Under the bridge went the little boat. It was very dark.

Now, the brave soldier did not like his ride. He wanted to cry out for help. He wanted to jump out

of the boat. He wanted to try and swim back.

Then he thought of the Jack-in-the-Box. He thought of the paper doll. "I will be brave," he said to himself. He carried his gun over his shoulder. He looked straight ahead. He did not cry. He did not call. He tried to be a brave tin soldier.

By and by he saw the light shining. He was near the end of the drain. Here the waters fell down into a big river.

The boat turned around and around. It made the tin soldier very dizzy.

The paper boat was wet. It fell

apart. Down fell the soldier into the deep waters.

Now he wanted to cry "Help! Help!" He wanted to try to swim to the shore. He wanted to drop his gun. He thought of the Jack-in-the-Box. He thought of the paper doll. He kept his gun over his shoulder. He looked straight ahead into the water. He did not move his tin lips. "I am lost," he thought.

At this moment a fish came along. He swam toward the tin soldier. He swallowed him quickly.

Again the brave soldier was in a dark place. It was the darkest place of all.

The fish swam about. Soon it flopped and splashed. "Now my end has come," thought the soldier. Still he would not move. He would not drop his gun.

The little fellow lay in this place for a long time. Then he heard some one talking. "This is a fine fish," a voice said. "I will cook it for supper."

Rip! The cook cut open the fish. Out fell the brave tin soldier.

"Well, well, how very strange," the cook cried. "The fish must have eaten a tin soldier. I will give it to the children."

The cook went into the play room. She put the tin soldier on the table.



THE COOK CUT OPEN THE FISH.

Then she went back into the kitchen.

The soldier wept tin tears for joy. He was back again in the little boy's play room. He was next to his old friend the Jack-in-the-Box. "Tell

me where you have been," said the Jack-in-the-Box.

The soldier told about his travels.

The paper doll stood before the doll house. She heard what the soldier was saying. "What a brave, brave soldier," she called to him.

Just then the cook came back from the kitchen. The toys stopped talking. "I will not keep this toy," the cook said. "He has but one leg. The children will not want him."

The cook threw the tin soldier into the fireplace. The fireplace was in one corner of the play room. A bright fire was burning. It was very hot. "I will be brave," thought the tin soldier.

The cook went out. She closed the door hard. A puff of wind blew into the room. It blew the paper doll into the fireplace.

The brave tin soldier melted for joy. The beautiful paper doll danced merrily.

Then they both turned into smoke fairies. They went up the chimney together.

THE CAT, THE WEASEL, AND THE RABBIT



RABBIT made a cozy home in the grass. She was a neat rabbit. She liked her neat home.

One day she went to market to buy some lettuce. When she got back, she found a weasel in her cozy home.

“What are you doing here?” she asked the weasel.

“I have come here to live,” the weasel answered.

“What! Come to live in my home!” cried the rabbit.

“This is not your home,” said the

weasel. "This home is in the grass. It belongs to Mother Earth. Go away from here."

"I will not leave," the rabbit answered.

"Nor will I," replied the weasel.

"Then let us ask the cat to judge for us. He will be a fair judge," answered the rabbit.

"I am willing," said the weasel.

The weasel and the rabbit chose a big old cat for a judge.

The cat sat up straight. He looked very wise.

The weasel told his side of the story. The rabbit told her side. They had much to say. They both talked at the same time.

“Come nearer,” said the cat judge. “I am a little deaf. I cannot hear what you say.”

The weasel and the rabbit drew nearer.

“Come still nearer,” said the cat judge.

The weasel and the rabbit moved up close to the judge.

The cat seized the weasel with one set of claws. With the other, he seized the poor rabbit. First he ate the weasel — then he ate the rabbit. In this way he put an end to their quarrel.

Do you think the cat was a fair judge?

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER



CROW was once very thirsty. He looked for water. He could not find any. The streams were dry. The brooks were dry. It had been a hot summer.

The crow flew here and there. “I must find some water,” he said.

At last he saw a big pitcher. It stood in a lady’s yard. The lady had gone away.

The crow flew down to the pitcher. There was a little water in it. The crow tried to get the water. He

could not reach it. It made him very thirsty. "I will get the water," the crow said.

He looked about. He saw many tiny stones. "I have a good idea," he said.

He picked up some of the tiny stones. One by one he put them into the pitcher. The water rose higher and higher.

The crow picked up more stones. He put these into the pitcher. The water rose still higher.

The crow picked up more stones. It took a long time. The crow was tired. But he would not stop.

Soon all the stones were in the bottom of the pitcher. The water

was away up at the top. Now the crow could reach the water.

The crow drank and drank. “Ah,” he said. “I never tasted such fine water. I am glad that I worked hard to get it.”

TOM THUMB



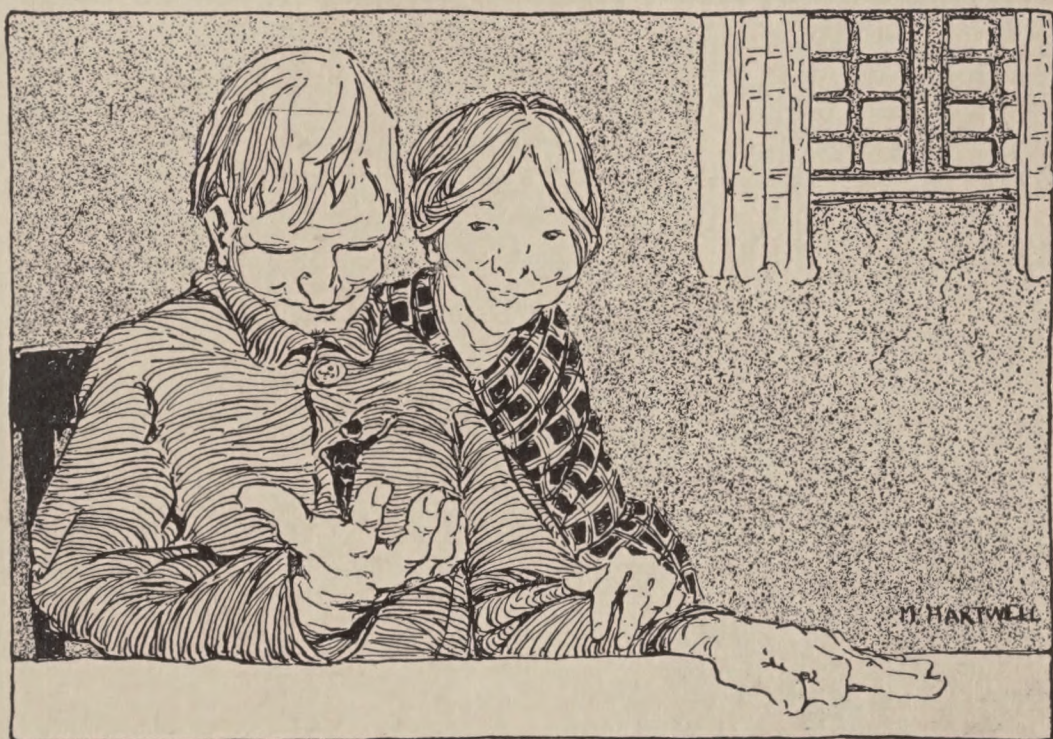
POOR woodcutter and his wife sat alone in their cottage. “How lonely it is,” said the woman. “I wish we had a child to live with us.”

“That is true,” replied the husband. “A child would bring sunshine and gladness.”

“Yes,” went on the good woman, “if he were no bigger than your thumb, I should be happy.”

For a year the woodman and his wife lived alone in their cottage. Then one day, a son came to live

with them. He was a fine little fellow. But he was no bigger than his father's thumb. "What a dear



HE WAS NO BIGGER THAN HIS FATHER'S THUMB.

little child," cried the wife of the woodman. "Let us name him Tom Thumb. He is little. But he is well and happy. He should make his way in the world."

The woodman and his wife gave Tom good things to eat. They let him play in the fresh air and sunshine. Still, he never grew any taller. He was a bright child. He knew more than the larger children. He was full of fun, too. Every one liked him.

One day his father was going into the forest. He was going to cut wood. "I wish you would send the wagon into the forest," he said to his wife. "I must have it. But I cannot wait to get it ready."

The wife said she would try to get the wagon to the forest. "Do not trouble yourself," said Tom to his

mother. "I will take the horse and wagon to the forest."

"You, my child!" cried the father. "You are too small. You cannot drive a horse and wagon."

"I am small, father. But I am not stupid," said the boy. "Mother can put me into the horse's ear. I will drive him into the forest."

The father laughed at this. The mother did not laugh. "Let Tom try it," she said. "As you say," the father answered.

The father left. The mother hitched the horse to the wagon. She put little Tom into the horse's ear. "Get up," said the tiny driver.

Away went the horse and wagon.

Sometimes the horse went too fast. Then Tom would say, "Gently, Gently."

Soon they overtook two men. The men were walking along the road. "Gently, Gently," Tom was saying. The two men looked around. They saw a horse and wagon. There was no driver. "How very strange," said one to the other. "I heard a voice say, 'Gently, Gently.' Still, there is no driver. Why not follow? We must see where the horse is going." "We must do so," said the other.

The men followed the horse and wagon. Tom drove into the forest. He found the place where his father

was working. "Take me down, father," he cried. "It is warm up here in the horse's ear."

The father took Tom Thumb down. He put him on a low stump.

"What a tiny driver," said the two men. "What a dear little fellow. And how very clever."

Then one of the men whispered to the other, "A lad like this is not seen every day. Let us buy him. We can take him from one town to another. We can make a fortune with him."

"Indeed, we can," said the other. "How much will you take for the boy?" he asked Tom's father.

"I will not sell him," was the an-

swer. "He is my own son. He is the joy of my household."

"Then we will take him," said one of the men.

The man snatched little Tom from the stump. He ran off with him. His friend followed.

The poor woodcutter tried to catch them. He could not run fast. He had a sore foot. He had cut his foot with his ax.

At last the woodcutter went back into the forest. He sat on a log. He cried and cried.

The bad men ran out of the forest. They came to the road. They looked around. They could not see the woodcutter. They did not run any more.

“Take me back to my father,” cried Tom.

“Be still,” said one of the bad men. “If you cry we will pinch you.”

Tom did not cry. “I will do my best,” he thought. “Put me up on the rim of your hat,” he said to one of the bad men. “I can walk around. I can see the country.”

The stranger liked the little fellow. He put him on the rim of his hat. This pleased Tom.

The bad men left the road. They walked across a farmer’s field. It was growing dark. Tom grew tired of the man’s hat. “Put me down now,” he said. “I can run along on the ground beside you.”

The bad man put Tom on the ground. Tom ran along beside him. The bad men were talking together. They were talking about the money they would make. They forgot Tom.

Tom saw a snake's hole. He slipped into it. "I hope the snake is not at home," thought Tom. The snake was not at home. Tom was glad.

The two men walked along a little farther. "Where is the boy?" one asked of the other.

"Here I am in the snake's hole," cried Tom.

The bad men found the snake's hole. They poked a stick into it.

Tom crept farther into the hole. The stick was not long enough. It did not reach him.

Tom lay very still. The men thought they had the wrong hole. They gave up trying to get him. They went away. They were angry.

Soon the men had gone. Tom crept out from his hiding place. It was very dark. "I must not travel to-night," thought Tom. "This is a rough field. I might break an arm. I might break a leg. I might not reach home again."

He looked for a place to sleep. He did not want to sleep in the snake's hole. "The snake might come home," he said.

Tom found a snail's shell. He crept into it. He slept for three hours.

When he awoke it was still dark. He heard voices. He looked out from the shell. He saw two men coming. "How can we get the rich man's money?" asked one man. "I hope he has no iron bars on his windows," said the other.

"I will tell you how to get the money," cried Tom from the shell.

"Who are you?" cried one of the men.

"I am Tom Thumb. I am in a snail's shell," cried Tom.

The men lighted a match. They looked for the snail's shell. They

soon found it. Tom stepped out quickly.

The men laughed when they saw him. “You help us!” they said. “Who are you? What can you do for us?”

“I am Tom Thumb,” was the answer. “I am no bigger than your thumb. But I am clever. The rich man has bars on his windows. You can put me between the bars. I will throw the money out to you.”

“That is not a bad idea,” one of the men said. “You could do that very well. We will take you with us.” The man put Tom into his pocket. Tom went to sleep. He was very tired.

In a little while the man took Tom out of the pocket. Tom awoke.

“Here we are,” the man whispered. “We will put you through the bars. You must throw out the money.”

“I will do that,” Tom answered.

The man put Tom through the iron bars of the window. “How much do you want?” called Tom loudly.

“Be still,” whispered the men. “Some one will hear you.”

Tom made believe he could not hear well. “How much money did you say you wanted?” he called more loudly.

The two men were frightened. They ran away. After awhile they

came back. "Give us all the money at once," they said.

"Did you say you wished all the money?" called Tom. He called as loudly as he could.

The men ran away at once. They did not come back.

Tom slipped out of the window. He ran to the barn.

The cook had heard what Tom said. She got up. She went into the room where the rich man kept his money. She could see no one. She looked out of the window. All was quiet in the yard. The cook thought she was dreaming. She went back to bed again.

By this time Tom had reached the

barn. He found a bed of hay in the haymow. He fell asleep. He dreamed he was at home with his father.

In the morning a man came to get some hay. He wanted to feed the cows. He took up a bunch of hay. Tom was sleeping in it.

The man did not know this. He fed the hay to a big cow. The cow ate it quickly.

Tom found himself in a dark place. There were no doors nor windows. "I do not like this place," said Tom in his shrill voice. The cow did not care what Tom thought about it. She kept on eating more hay. She was very hungry.

“Please do not eat any more hay,” Tom cried. He poked the cow. She went on eating. Tom cried out again, “Please do not eat any more hay. Why do you not listen when I call to you?” He poked the cow as hard as he could. The cow did not care. She only went on eating.

A man was milking the cow. He heard everything that Tom said. He thought he was milking a fairy cow. He was frightened. He ran to tell his master about it.

The rich man came into the barn. He listened. He heard the shrill voice. It came from the inside of the cow. “Oh,” he cried, “it is surely a fairy. I will have to kill the cow.”

The cow was killed. Tom jumped out into the fresh air and sunshine.

“Well, of all wonders,” cried the rich man. “Who ever saw as tiny a boy as this one?”

“I am very tiny,” said Tom. “But I am clever. Take me into the house. I will tell how I saved you some money.”

The rich man took Tom into his house. Tom told about the two men.

The rich man was very grateful. “I might have lost my money,” he said.

The rich man called his wife. He told her about it. “You dear little fellow,” she said to Tom. “We will treat you kindly.”

She bathed little Tom. She made him a new suit of clothing. She gave him a nut to eat. Tom liked nuts better than candy.

Tom ate a part of the nut. He put the rest into his pocket. He was very happy. He played about with the children.

Tom learned a great deal, too. He peeked about into everything. The cook made a pudding for supper. It was made of batter. The cook left the room. She went into the pantry. Tom climbed upon the bowl. He peeked into the pudding. His foot slipped. He fell into the batter.

The cook came out from the pan-

try. She found Tom in the batter. She took him out. She washed him. She kissed him, instead of scolding. "It is not safe to peek into puddings," she said to him.

Tom had a good time. But he kept thinking of his father and of his mother. At last he told the rich man about it. "I must go home," Tom said. "I should like to see my father. I should like to see my dear mother."

The rich man was sorry to say "Good-by" to his visitor. He put Tom into his pocket. He drove to the woodcutter's cottage. He set Tom upon his father's table.

The father and mother saw Tom.

Oh, how glad they were! They kissed him many times. They wept. They were so very happy.

“You have a fine son,” said the rich man. “He saved me a great deal of money. I am going to give you some of it.”

The rich man gave the woodcutter a large sum of money. “Come and visit me,” he said to Tom and his parents.

“We shall be glad to do so,” they said to the rich man.

Then Tom told his father and mother about his travels.

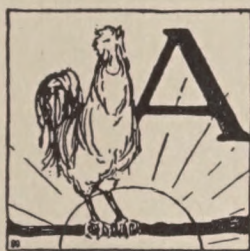
“I have been on a man’s hat,
I have been in a snake’s hole,
I have been in a snail’s shell,

I have been in a man's pocket,
I have been inside a hungry cow,
I have been in a batter pudding,
And here I am in my own home," said Tom.

Tom's mother kissed him. "And here you are going to stay," she said to her little son.



THE MAIDS WHO DID NOT LIKE TO RISE EARLY



AN old woman kept two servant maids. She kept a cock, too. Every morning the cock crowed. The old woman knew that it was day-break. Then she called the two maids. “Come, get up now,” she called.

The maids did not like to rise early. They rubbed their eyes. They yawned many times. “I do not like to get up early,” the first maid said, one morning. “What shall we do?” asked the second maid.

“Let us give the cock to a friend,” the first maid answered.

“To be sure,” replied the second maid.

The maids gave the cock to one of their friends. The old woman did not know where it was. “I will have to be the clock,” she said.

There was no cock, now. The old woman had no real clock. She did not know when it was daybreak.

One morning she woke the maids at three o’clock.

Another morning she woke them at two o’clock.

One time she woke them at midnight.


“Oh, my! Oh, my! What shall

we do !” cried the servant maids.

“The cock made a better clock than the old woman.”

At last the maids bought another cock. Then, you may know, they took good care of it.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

“H, oh,” cried the wolf one day. “I have a bone stuck in my throat. Who will get it out for me?”

The animals heard the wolf. They were afraid to help him.

The wolf called again. “Oh, oh, I have a bone in my throat. I will pay well the one who gets it out for me.”

Just then a crane passed by.

“Oh, please help me,” cried the wolf. “I will pay you well.”

The crane put his long bill into

the wolf's throat. He took out the bone. "Now where is my pay?" he asked.

"Your pay! You had your head in a wolf's mouth. You drew it out without a scratch. That is your pay," the wolf answered.

What an ungrateful wolf he was!

SILVER LOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS



HERE once lived a little girl who had pretty hair. It shone like silver. People called the little girl Silver Locks.

Silver Locks liked to play. That was all right.

Silver Locks liked to romp. That was all right.

Silver Locks liked to run away. That was not all right.

One day Silver Locks ran out of her yard. She ran into the field. She picked pretty star flowers. She picked some bluebells.

She ran into another field. She chased the butterflies. They flew here and there. Silver Locks followed them.

Silver Locks left this field. She walked down a road. At last she came to the woods. Near the edge of the woods was a cottage. Silver Locks had never seen this cottage. "I wonder who lives in it," she said.

The door was open. Silver Locks walked in. In the middle of the room was a table. On the table were three bowls. There was a LARGE BOWL. There was a MIDDLE-SIZED BOWL. There was a SMALL BOWL. Oatmeal porridge was



"I WONDER WHO LIVES IN IT," SHE SAID.

in the bowls. Silver Locks had had a long walk. She was hungry.

She tasted of the porridge in the LARGE BOWL. "It is too hot," she said.

She tasted of the porridge in the MIDDLE-SIZED BOWL. “It is too salty,” she said.

She tasted of the porridge in the SMALL BOWL. “This is just right,” she said. And she ate it all up.

Silver Locks went into the next room. It was the sitting room. There was a LARGE CHAIR. There was a MIDDLE-SIZED CHAIR. There was a SMALL CHAIR.

“I have been walking a long way. I am tired,” said Silver Locks.

She sat down in the LARGE CHAIR. “It is too high,” she said. “My feet do not touch the floor.”

She sat down in the MIDDLE-SIZED

CHAIR. “It is too broad,” she said.
“I do not like it at all.”

She sat down in the SMALL CHAIR.
“This is just right,” she said. She
sat down very hard. Out went the
bottom of the SMALL CHAIR.

Silver Locks got up at once. “I
will go upstairs,” she said.

She went upstairs into the bedroom. There was a LARGE BED.
There was a MIDDLE-SIZED BED.
There was a SMALL BED.

Silver Locks looked at the three
beds. “I am sleepy,” she thought.

She lay down on the LARGE BED.
“This is too hard,” she said.

She lay down on the MIDDLE-SIZED
BED. “This is too soft,” she said.

She lay down on the SMALL BED.
“This is just right,” she said.

Silver Locks liked the bed very well. Soon she was fast asleep.

Now, this little cottage belonged to three bears.

There was a LARGE BEAR. He was the father. There was a MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR. She was the mother. There was a SMALL BEAR. He was the baby.

The mother bear had made oatmeal porridge for breakfast. It was very hot. “Let us take a walk,” she had said. “We will come back soon. Then the porridge will be cool enough.”

The three bears came home from their walk. They walked into their house. On the table were the three bowls.

The LARGE BEAR looked at his bowl. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING OF MY PORRIDGE," he growled.

The MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR looked at her bowl. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING OF MY PORRIDGE," she said.

The SMALL BEAR looked at his bowl. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE. IT IS ALL EATEN UP," he cried.

The three bears went into their sitting room. The LARGE BEAR

looked at his chair. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," he growled.

The MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR looked at her chair. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," she cried.

The SMALL BEAR looked at his chair. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," he cried. "OH, LOOK! THE BOTTOM HAS BEEN BROKEN THROUGH!"

The three bears went upstairs to their bedroom. The LARGE BEAR looked at his bed. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TUMBLING MY BED," he growled.

The MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR looked at

her bed. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TUMBLING MY BED," she said.

The SMALL BEAR looked at his bed. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TUMBLING MY BED," he cried. "OH, LOOK! LOOK! THERE SHE GOES!"

Out of the window jumped Silver Locks. She had heard the voices of the three bears. Silver Locks ran home as fast as she could. She was very much frightened. She did not care to run away again.



THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES



SHOEMAKER was in trouble. He could not earn enough to buy food for his family. He was a hard working man. He was always honest. Each day he did his best work. But he wanted to do more for his family.

At last his money was all gone. He had only a little leather. There was enough to make a pair of shoes. He cut the leather. He put it on the table in his workroom. "In the morning I will rise early. I will make the shoes," he said.

Then he went to bed. "I hope that I can sell the shoes," he said to himself.

The shoemaker rose early. He went into his workroom. He reached the worktable. His heart beat loudly. He could not speak for a minute.

At last he called his wife. "Come here at once," he called.

The shoemaker's wife came running into the workroom. Her husband had a new shoe in each hand. "What! Have you finished the shoes?" she asked.

The shoemaker told her what had happened. They hunted high and low in the workroom. There

was no workman to be seen. The doors and windows were locked. "I cannot understand it," the shoemaker said.

He put the shoes in the window. Soon a man came into the shop. "That is a fine pair of shoes in your window," he said. "I think they will fit me. Try them on, and see."

The shoemaker put the shoes on to the man's feet. "I like the shoes very much," the man said. "How much are they?"

The shoemaker named his price.

"You ask too little," the man answered. "I will give you twice as much."

The man laid the money on the table, and left the shop.

The shoemaker spent some of the money for food. With the rest he bought more leather. He bought enough for two pairs of shoes. He cut the leather. He put it on the table in his workroom.

Then he went to bed. "I will get up early," he said. "I can finish the two pairs. I may sell them before sundown."

In the morning the shoemaker went into his workroom. On the table stood two pairs of shoes. Each pair was well made. Not a stitch was out of place. No wonder the shoemaker was happy! Again he

called his wife. They looked everywhere in the workroom. The doors and windows were locked. There was not a sign of a workman.

The shoemaker put both pairs of shoes in his window. He and his wife sat down in the workroom. They talked about their good fortune.

A man came into the shop. He bought one pair of shoes. He paid a good price for his pair. In a little while another man bought the second pair of shoes. He, too, paid a good price. "The shoes are made very well," he said.

The shoemaker bought more leather. He had enough to make

three pairs of shoes. That night he went to bed with a light heart.

“Things are going well with me,” he said. “I will rise early. I will sew the three pairs.”

In the morning the shoemaker found three pairs of shoes. Again he sold them. He bought more leather. This went on for days and weeks and months. Each night the shoemaker cut out the leather. Each morning the shoes were on the table.

After awhile there were many shoes. The shoemaker had to buy five or six tables. Then he had to buy a larger shop. At last he was a very rich man. People liked his

shoes. They came from near and far to buy them.

One winter night his wife said, "We have had good fortune. I wish that we knew who has done this for us."

"Yes," answered the good husband. "Let us sit up, to-night. We can hide behind the dark curtain. We can see who has been so kind to us."

"A very good idea," the wife replied.

That night the shoemaker left the light burning. He and his wife hid behind a dark curtain.

All was still, until midnight. Then they heard a patter of tiny feet.

They peeked out from behind the curtain. They saw two tiny elves.

The elves came running in through the wall. They sat down at the shoemaker's bench. They sewed busily. They rapped and tapped, too. Their tiny fingers worked very fast.

It was cold in the room. They had on their thin fairy clothes. They shivered a little. But they went on with their work. In a little while they were through. Then they ran out through the wall.

The shoemaker and his wife came out from behind the curtain. "Now we know who our friends are," the wife said. "The dear little elves.



THEY SAW TWO TINY ELVES.

They were cold. They shivered as they worked. I will make them a suit of clothes. You can make each one a tiny pair of shoes. Let us make them to-morrow."

The shoemaker was glad to do this. The next day he made the shoes. His wife made the two suits. At night they put them on one of the tables. They again hid behind the curtain.

At midnight the elves came running through the wall. They saw what was on the table. They danced for joy. They put on the clothes at once. They hopped about the room.

"This is just what we wanted,"

they cried. “A warm suit of clothes, and shoes for the winter.”

What merry elves they were! They skipped and played about. Then they danced away, through the wall.

That was the last the shoemaker ever saw of them. But they were not far away. The shoemaker said he was sure of this. He always did so well, and was so very happy.



THE WOLF AND THE DOG

(The wolf meets a dog. The dog is in his master's yard)



WOLF.—Good evening, friend dog. How are you this fine moonlight night?

DOG.—I am well and happy. How are you, cousin wolf?

WOLF.—I am hungry. I have had nothing to eat to-day. The woods are bare. It is cold. I wish I had a warm house.

DOG.—I have a warm house. I have good things to eat. I am happy.

WOLF.—You look happy. You are sleek and fat. I wish I were in your place.

DOG.—I will change places with you.

WOLF.—How kind of you, friend dog. What must I do?

DOG.—At night you must look out for bad men. They must not steal from my master. If they come you must bite them.

WOLF.—That is easy enough. I can bite well. I have sharp teeth.

DOG.—Come with me. I will show you my house.

(The dog and the wolf walk along together)

WOLF.—Friend dog, you wear a collar. Why do you do that?

DOG.—I always wear a collar. My master fastens a chain to it. I am a

little fierce you know. I am tied up in the day.

WOLF.—Oh! Oh! How can you bear that? Tied up all day! How can you bear it?

DOG.—I am free at night. Then I can run about. I can bark and I can bite.

(The wolf stops. He turns around. He looks away toward the forest)

WOLF.—You have been kind to me. I thank you for your kindness. But do not show me your house. I do not wish to change places. I am glad I am a wolf. I must be off at once. Good evening.

(The wolf runs off to the forest)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



ONCE upon a time there was a little country girl. This little girl had a good old grandmother. The grandmother made her a pretty red hood. She made her a red cape, too. She made her a red dress with red trimming. People called the child Red Riding Hood.

One day Red Riding Hood's mother baked a cake. It was a nut cake. It had white frosting. The mother made a pot of butter too. She called little Red Riding Hood to her.

“I have made a nut cake with white frosting. I have made a pot of butter,” she said. “I think your grandmother would like them. Put on your red hood and your red cape. Then take the cake and the butter to your grandmother. She will be glad to see you. She loves you very dearly.”

“I will go, mother,” said little Red Riding Hood. “I will take the cake and the butter to grandma.”

Little Red Riding Hood put on her hood and cape. She took the cake and the butter. She set out for the home of her grandmother.

There were woods near the town. Little Red Riding Hood had to go



SHE TOOK THE CAKE AND THE BUTTER.

through the woods. As she went along she met a wolf. “Good day,” he said. “Where are you going?”

“I am going to see my grandma,”

said little Red Riding Hood. “I am going to take her a nut cake and a pot of butter.”

“Where does your grandma live?” asked the wolf.

“She lives in the house beyond the mill. It is the first house in the next town,” said little Red Riding Hood.

“I should like to visit her too,” said the wolf. “We will both go. You can go one way. I will go the other.”

Little Red Riding Hood was not afraid of the wolf. She did not know how wicked he was. “All right,” she said to the wolf. “Which way do you want to go?”

“I will go this way,” said the wolf.

He pointed to the nearest path. "You can go that way." He pointed to the farthest path. "I will meet you at the home of your grandmother. Good-by."

Off ran the wolf. He ran fast. He reached the grandmother's house. He knocked at the door. No one answered. He knocked at the door again. No one answered. He lifted the latch. The door opened. The wolf walked in. He looked around. The grandmother was not at home.

The wolf went into the bedroom. He got into the grandmother's bed.

Little Red Riding Hood was still in the woods. She was picking flowers. She was looking at the birds. She

was watching the woodcutters at their work. By and by little Red Riding Hood left the woods. She walked down the road. She came to her grandmother's house. Little Red Riding Hood knocked at the door. The wolf made his voice as soft as he could. "Who is there?" he asked.

"It is I, little Red Riding Hood," was the answer. "I have brought you a nut cake and a pot of butter."

"Lift the latch and walk in," said the wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood lifted the latch and walked in. "Where are you, grandma?" she called.

"I am in bed. I have a bad cold.

I do not feel well to-day," said the wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood went into the grandmother's bedroom. She set the nut cake and pot of butter on the table. "I am sorry you are not well," she said to her grandmother.

Little Red Riding Hood looked at the wolf. She had never seen her grandmother in bed. "How funny grandma looks," she thought.

"Grandma, what great arms you have," said little Red Riding Hood.

"The better to hug you, my dear," the wolf answered.

"Grandma, what big ears you have," said little Red Riding Hood.

“The better to hear you, my dear,” the wolf answered.

“Grandma, what big eyes you have,” said little Red Riding Hood.

“The better to see you, my dear,” the wolf answered.

“Grandma, what big teeth you have,” said little Red Riding Hood.

“The better to eat you, my dear,” the wolf answered.

The wolf sprang out of bed. Little Red Riding Hood screamed. She ran toward the door. The wolf followed. Little Red Riding Hood opened the door. She ran out into the yard.

The woodcutters were passing by. They saw little Red Riding Hood. They heard her scream. They saw

the wolf coming out of the door. “Oh ! Oh ! a wolf !” they cried. The woodcutters ran into the yard. They caught the wolf. They killed him quickly. They saved the life of little Red Riding Hood.



THE CAT AND HER HOUSEKEEPER



CAT asked a mouse to come and live with her. The cat was kind to the mouse. The mouse thought the cat was a true friend. “I will come and live with you,” the mouse said.

“I am very glad to have you live with me,” said the cat. “You are neat and tidy. You can stay at home and keep house. I will go out and get a living for both of us.”

The mouse agreed to this. She lived happily with the cat for some time.

One day the cat said to the mouse, "We are getting along very well. It is summer. There is plenty of food for both of us. But the summer does not last long. Soon winter will be here. I shall have a hard time to find enough to keep us. Let us lay by a little food for the winter."

"Good," said the mouse. "Let us do it at once."

The cat went out the next day to look for the food. She came home with a large pot of grease.

"What a true friend you are," said the mouse. "A pot of grease will taste good to us when the cold winds blow."



SHE CAME HOME WITH A LARGE POT OF GREASE.

“Yes,” answered the cat. “Cold winds make hungry animals. Where shall we hide the pot of grease? We must put it in a safe place. We do not want it to be stolen.”

“I will leave that to you,” said the mouse. “You are so clever.”

The next morning the cat called the mouse to her. “I have thought

of a good hiding place," she said. "We will put the pot of grease in the church. There it will be safe. People do not often steal from a church. When winter comes we can get it."

"Good," said the mouse again. "It pays to have a head like yours."

The cat hid the pot of grease in the church.

In a few days she became uneasy. She kept thinking of the pot of grease laid away for the winter. At last she could stand it no longer.

"I have heard from my aunt," she said to the mouse one day. "She has a new baby kitten. She

is going to have it christened. She has asked me to be the godmother. My aunt is a fine cat. She must have a very fine kitten. I should like to be the godmother. Will you let me go, dear mouse?"

The mouse was pleased. She liked to have the cat ask to go. "By all means go to the christening," she said to the cat. "I should like to go, myself. Will your aunt care if I go with you?"

"Oh, no, no, no, no, you must not go," the cat answered. "You have not been invited."

The mouse was ashamed of herself. "Just as you say," she said to the cat. "I will stay at home and

keep house. You can tell me about the christening."

The next day the cat left early. She went at once to the church. She found the hidden pot. She licked the top off of the pot of grease. She smacked her lips. The grease tasted very good to the cat. The cat left the church. She found a cozy spot. It was on an old lady's doorstep. Here she fell asleep. The cat at last awakened. The sun was setting. "I must be off," she said. She licked her paws and her coat. She stretched herself. Then she set off toward home.

The mouse met the cat at the door. "How happy you look," she

said. "You must have had a charming day."

"To be sure," the cat answered.

"What did your aunt name her new kitten?" the mouse asked.

"She named him 'Top-Off,'" the cat replied.

"Top-Off," said the mouse.

"What a queer name."

"Not any more queer than your family names," the cat said.

"'Cheese Nibbler' is a queer name."

"Perhaps you are right," the mouse answered.

For a few days the cat and the mouse lived happily together.

Then the cat began to think of the pot of grease again. She tried

to forget about it. It seemed of no use. At last she could stand it no longer.

“I am invited to another christening,” she said to the mouse the next morning.

“Another christening! Who is it, this time?” asked the mouse.

“Another aunt has a baby kitten,” the cat answered. “She wants me to be the godmother. Will you let me go?”

Again the mouse was pleased. “The cat does just as I tell her,” she thought. The mouse gave her consent. The cat was off.

The cat went straight to the church. Here she found the pot of

grease. It was just as she had left it. She looked around to see if anyone was looking. Then she ate of the grease until it was half gone. She left the church. She lay down on a fence near by. She rested her head on her forepaws. She was soon asleep. The cat had a long nap. Then she got up. She went home to her friend the mouse.

“Another fine day,” she said to the mouse.

“What did your aunt name this kitten?” the mouse asked.

“Half-Gone,” the cat answered.

“What a queer name,” the mouse replied.

“Not at all queer,” said the cat.

“The cat family is a clever family. They like new names for their children.”

The mouse did not answer. Soon she forgot all about it.

Before many days the cat again became hungry for the pot of grease. She was very, very hungry, this time. “One should finish what is once begun,” she said to herself.

She called the mouse to her. “Again I am invited to be the god-mother,” she said. “Another aunt has a kitten, this time. She says, ‘Do not fail me. Come at once.’ She would not forgive me if I did not go. May I go to-day, friend mouse?”

“Yes,” answered the mouse.
“You may go.”

The cat ran to the church again. She gobbled up all the grease that was left in the pot. She even licked the sides of the pot. They shone like glass. The cat was very, very tired. She climbed up to the roof of a little shed. Here she slept until it was very late. The sun had set. The moon was shining behind the trees. The cat went home to her friend the mouse.

“What was the kitten named?” the mouse asked the cat.

“All-Out,” the cat answered.

“Top-Off, Half-Gone, All-Out,” replied the mouse. “They sound

very, very queer to me." Then the mouse worked busily about the house. She forgot about the christenings.

Summer and autumn went by. Winter came. The days were short. The cold winds blew.

"Now let us get the pot of grease," the mouse said.

"It might be well," the cat answered.

The cat and the mouse went to the church together. They reached the pot. They found it *empty*.

Then the mouse knew the meaning of the queer names. "Top-Off, Half-Gone, All-Out. Fine names, indeed," she said. "All-Eaten would have been a better name for the last one."

“Yes,” answered the cat. “And *Mouse-Eaten* would have been still better.”

With this the cat pounced upon the mouse, and ate her up.

After that, the cat asked many mice to come and live with her. But she could never get another to be her housekeeper.



THE THREE WISHES



FAIRY was traveling. It had been a hot day. It was nightfall. The fairy was tired. He could go no farther. He looked about for an inn. He could not find one.

A little way down the road stood two houses. One was a big beautiful house. The other was a small one.

“Ah,” said the fairy. “I will stop at the big house. I will ask for shelter. The man who lives there must be a rich man. It will not be hard for him to help me.”

The fairy knocked at the door of

the beautiful house. The rich man put his head out of a window. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I am tired. I cannot find an inn," said the fairy. "May I sleep in one of your rooms?"

"No, indeed," said the rich man. "We have barely enough room for ourselves. Begone."

The tired fairy turned away. "I will ask the poor man for shelter," he said.

He knocked at the door of the small house. The door was opened at once. "Good evening," said the fairy. "I am a tired traveler. I am looking for shelter. May I sleep here, to-night?"

“Yes,” said the poor man.
“Come right in. You look very tired, indeed. I will ask my good wife to get you a supper.”

The poor man led the way into the house. The stranger followed. Inside they found the man’s wife. She was a good woman. She was kind to the stranger.

She quickly boiled potatoes. She milked the goat. She set the table with a clean cloth. In the middle of the table she placed a bunch of roses. On the stranger’s chair she put a cushion.

The stranger was pleased. He hardly knew what to say. There were not many things to eat. But

every one liked the supper. The stranger knew that the poor woman had done her best.

After supper the poor man said to the stranger, "You may have our bed, to-night. We can sleep on a pile of straw. You are tired. Our bed is none too good for you."

The stranger did not want to take the bed. The poor man made him get into it. The stranger slept well. In the morning he was given a good breakfast.

At last he was ready to go. He took the poor man by the hand. "My friend," he said, "I am a fairy. You have been kind to me. It is my turn to do something for you. You

may have three wishes. I will grant every one of them."

The poor man was full of joy. "Three wishes! What a fine gift," he cried. "What good fortune!" his wife answered. "Wish for health and food," she said to her husband.

"That is a good wish," said the poor man. "I will make it my first one."

"What do you want for your second wish?" asked the fairy.

"I wish that we might always be happy together," said the poor man. The poor man looked at his wife when he said this.

"Those are good wishes," said the

fairy. "What will you have for your third wish?"

The poor man could not think of any other wish. "Why not have a big house?" asked the fairy. "This is such a small one."

"That is a good idea," replied the poor man. "Then we can give shelter to many travelers. I will make it my last wish."

"Your wishes are granted," said the fairy.

The poor old house was changed into a fine new one. The poor man and his wife walked about their new home. It was very beautiful. They thought they must be dreaming.

The fairy gave them his blessing. He left at once.

The rich man awoke late in the morning. He looked out of his window. He could not see any poor house. He saw a beautiful new one.

He ran downstairs. He told his wife. "See, wife," he cried. "The poor looking house is not there. There is only a beautiful one. What can have happened?"

"I will go out and see," his wife answered.

She ran across the street. She found the wife of the poor man. "Where is your old house?" she cried. "Last night it was here. Where is it this morning?"

The poor man's wife told the woman about the fairy.

Back across the street ran the wife of the rich man. She told her husband what the poor man's wife had said. "You should have been kind to the stranger," she said to her husband. "Be quick now. You may overtake him."

The rich man got up on his fastest horse. "Get up," he said to it.

He rode a long way. He saw the fairy walking along the road.

The rich man overtook the fairy. "You must be thirsty," he said. "Will you have a drink of water? I have brought some with me."

The fairy saw who it was. "I

will take a drink of water," he said. Then he drank some of it.

The rich man spoke again. "You came to my door last night. Did you not?" he asked.

"Yes," said the fairy.

"I have ridden all this way to talk to you," said the rich man. "I wanted to tell you why I did not let you in. You see, I could not find the key to the door. That made me angry. Stop in when you come back. I will treat you better."

The fairy said that he would do so.

Then the rich man said to the fairy, "The poor man gave you shelter. He had three wishes. I

think I will take my wishes now. Are you willing?"

The fairy smiled a little. "You had better not," he said.

"My wife says I must," replied the rich man.

"You may have your three wishes," said the fairy.

The rich man rode back toward his home. Soon his horse began to kick up her heels. She began to prance about, too. It was hard for the rich man to keep in his saddle. "Be quiet, Bess," he said to the horse.

The horse would not be quiet. She stood up on her hind legs. She would not go on.

The rich man was angry. He forgot about the wishes. "You rascal," he said to the horse. "I wish you would fall and break your neck."

The horse fell. She lay quite still. Her neck was broken. "Now I have done it," cried the rich man.

The rich man took off the saddle. He threw it over his back. He started off toward home. He walked along and thought about the other two wishes. "What do I want most?" he asked himself. "I am a fine man. I should have the best things in the world. What are the best things? Oh, dear, oh, dear! No wish is good enough."

The rich man was tired. He was hot, too. The sun was sending hot rays upon him. The rich man thought of his wife in her cool parlor. "It is easy for her," he thought. "She makes me do all the hard work."

Again the rich man was angry. He forgot about the fairy. "A lazy wife," he said. "I wish this saddle were off my back, and that my wife were sitting on it."

Up into the air went the saddle. Away it flew.

The rich man knew then what he had done. "Oh, my wish. My wish. Why did I do it?" he cried.

"Now I have only one wish left.

I will think about it in my own home. There I can do better.”

The rich man reached his own home. He heard loud crying. The rich man entered the house. He found his wife sitting on the saddle. She was in the middle of the parlor floor. She was trying to get off the saddle. She could not. The poor man and his wife had heard her cries. They had come to help her. They had tried hard. They could do nothing for her.

“Oh, oh, see what you have done,” cried the wife. “You have wished me on this saddle. Now you must wish me off again.”

There was but one thing for the



HE FOUND HIS WIFE SITTING ON THE SADDLE.

rich man to do. “I wish you were off the saddle,” he said to his wife.

The wife at once got up from the saddle. The poor man and his wife

went back to their own home. The rich man went up to his room. He had had a hard day. He was very tired.

DRILL WORDS

THE DOVE AND THE ANT

drown heard sorry noise ground save

THE JOHNNY CAKE

staid world sure wolf nearer oven

THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES

grain uncles cousins fear leave need

THE WONDERFUL POT

money fairy counting carry rope wash

THE FOOLISH BLUEJAY

feathers proud foolish peacock friends might

THE DONKEY AND HIS FRIENDS SEEK THEIR FORTUNE

scratched farther use light drive shed

THE FOX WHO LOST HIS TAIL

trap stood useless bushy against around

THE KID WHO WOULD NOT GO

found stick butcher wanted beat began

THE DONKEY AND THE HORSE

horse load town donkey sick hard

THE FAIRY SHOES

quickly late pinch people wear party

BELLING THE CAT

unhappy right hardly longer danger neck

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

reached race breath slow judge pity

THE THREE PIGS

greedy visit moved dirty smacked holes

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

hurt mouthful able hungry sometime tied

THE WIND AND THE SUN

stronger tired strength tear boasting coat

222 OLD STORIES FOR YOUNG READERS

THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND
flour fond supper angry words threw

THE UNHAPPY PINE TREE
forest awoke break built storm robins

THE TWO SISTERS
strange bread golden spindle heavy pitch

THE WOODMAN AND HIS AX
ax steel always again honest wife

THE GREEDY MASTER
servant pointed grazing bleated taught

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER
eleven twelve soldier straight carried

THE CAT, THE WEASEL, AND THE RABBIT
cozy lettuce belongs judge seized

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER
thirsty streams brooks yard tasted

TOM THUMB

gladness fresh wagon trouble stupid

THE MAIDS WHO DID NOT LIKE TO RISE EARLY
daybreak rubbed yawned clock bought

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

throat stuck animals scratch ungrateful

SILVER LOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

romp bluebells oatmeal bottom voices

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES

family leather workroom window price

THE WOLF AND THE DOG

moonlight sleek change collar fierce

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

trimming frosting dearly wicked latch

THE CAT AND HER HOUSEKEEPER

grease true church clever

THE THREE WISHES

traveling tired shelter potatoes cushion

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